

THE  
PROSPECT:  
Being the FIFTH PART of  
LIBERTY.  
A  
POEM.

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By Mr. THOMSON.

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L O N D O N :

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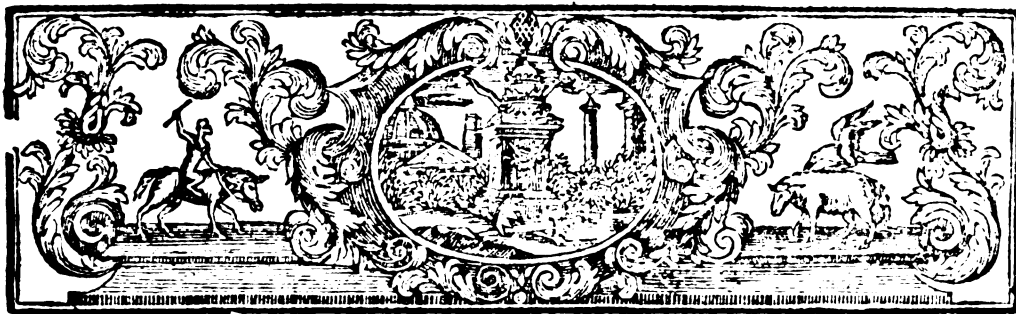
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39.  
4. 33. 1/3.





# LIBERTY.

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## PART V.

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**H**ERE interposing, as the GODDESS paus'd,—  
“ Oh blest BRITANNIA! in THY Presence blest,  
“ THOU Guardian of Mankind! whence spring,  
“ alone,

“ All human Grandeur, Happiness and Fame:

“ For Toil, by THEE protected, feels no Pain; 5

“ The poor Man's Lot with Milk and Honey flows;

“ And, gilded with Thy Rays, even Death looks gay.

“ Let other Lands the potent Blessings boast

B

“ Of

- “ Of more exalting Suns. Let *Asia's* Woods,  
 “ Untended, yield the vegetable Fleece : 10  
 “ And let the little Insect-Artist form,  
 “ On higher Life intent, it's filken Tomb.  
 “ Let wondering Rocks, in radiant Birth, disclose,  
 “ The various-tinctur'd Children of the Sun.  
 “ From the prone Beam let more delicious Fruits 15  
 “ A Flavour drink, that in one piercing Taste  
 “ Bids each combine. Let *Gallic* Vineyards burst  
 “ With Floods of Joy, with mild balsamic Juice  
 “ The *Tuscan* Olive. Let *Arabia* breathe  
 “ Her spicy Gales, her vital Gums distill. 20  
 “ Turbid with Gold, let *southern* Rivers flow ;  
 “ And *orient* Floods draw soft, o'er Pearls, their Maze.  
 “ Let *Afric* vaunt her Treasures ; let *Peru*,  
 “ Deep in her Bowels her own Ruin breed,  
 “ The yellow Traitor that her Bliss betray'd,— 25  
 “ Unequall'd Bliss ! —and to unequall'd Rage !  
 “ Yet nor the gorgeous *East*, nor golden *South*,  
 “ Nor, in full Prime, that *new-discover'd World*,  
 “ Where flames the falling Day, in Wealth and Praise,  
 “ Shall with BRITANNIA vie, while, GODDESS, she 30  
 “ Derives

- " Derives her Praise from THEE, her matchless Charms.  
 " Her hearty Fruits the Hand of *Freedom* own ;  
 " And, warm with Culture, her thick-clustering Fields  
 " Prolific teem. Eternal Verdure crowns  
 " Her Meads ; her Gardens smile eternal Spring. 35  
 " She gives the Hunter-Horse, unquell'd by Toil,  
 " Ardent, to rush into the rapid Chace :  
 " She, whitening o'er her Downs, diffusive, pours  
 " Unnumber'd Flocks: She weaves the fleecy Robe,  
 " That wraps the Nations: She, to lusty Drovers, 40  
 " The richest Pasture spreads ; and Her's deep-wave  
 " Autumnal Seas of pleasing Plenty round.  
 " These her Delights: And by no baneful Herb,  
 " No darting Tyger, no grim Lion's Glare,  
 " No fierce-descending Wolf, no Serpent roll'd 45  
 " In Spires immense progressive o'er the Land,  
 " Disturb'd. Enlivening These, add Cities, full  
 " Of Wealth, of Trade, of chearful toiling Crowds :  
 " Add thriving Towns : add Villages and Farms,  
 " Innumerable sow'd along the lively Vale, 50  
 " Where bold unrival'd Peasants happy dwell :  
 " Add ancient Seats, with venerable Oaks

- “ Embosom’d high, while kindred Floods below  
 “ Wind thro’ the Mead ; and Those of modern Hand,  
 “ More pompous, add, that splendid shine afar : 55  
 “ Need I her limpid Lakes, her Rivers name,  
 “ Where swarm the finny Race ? Thee, chief, O *Thames* !  
 “ On whose each Tide, glad with returning Sails,  
 “ Flows in the mingled Harvest of Mankind ?  
 “ And thee, thou *Severn*, whose prodigious Swell, 60  
 “ And Waves, resounding, imitate the Main ?  
 “ Why need I name her deep capacious Ports,  
 “ That point around the World ? And why her Seas ?  
 “ All Ocean is her own, and every Land  
 “ To whom her ruling Thunder Ocean bears. 65  
 “ She too the Mineral feeds : th’ obedient Lead,  
 “ The Warrior-Iron, nor the Peaceful less,  
 “ Forming of Life art-civiliz’d the Bond ;  
 “ And \* *That* the *Tyrian* Merchant fought of old,  
 “ Not dreaming then of BRITAIN’S brighter Fame. 70  
 “ She rears to *Freedom* an undaunted Race :  
 “ Compatriot zealous, hospitable, kind,  
 “ Her’s the warm CAMBRIAN : Her’s the lofty SCOT,  
 “ To Hardship tam’d, active in Arts and Arms,  
 “ Fir’d

\* Tin.

" Fir'd with a restless an impatient Flame, 75

" That leads him raptur'd where Ambition calls :

" And ENGLISH MERIT Her's; where meet, combin'd,

" Whate'er high Fancy, found judicious Thought,

" An ample generous Heart, undrooping Soul,

" And firm tenacious Valour can bestow. 80

" Great Nurse of Fruits, of Flocks, of Commerce, SHE!

" Great Nurse of Men! by THEE, O GODDESS, taught,

" Her old Renown I trace, disclose her Source

" Of Wealth, of Grandeur, and to BRITONS sing

" A Strain the *Muses* never touch'd before." 85

" *But how shall this THY mighty KINGDOM stand?*

" *On what unyielding Base? how finish'd shine?"*

At this HER Eye, collecting all it's Fire,

Beam'd more than human; and HER awful Voice,

Majestic, thus SHE rais'd——" To BRITONS bear 90

" This closing Strain, and with intenser Note

" Loud let it sound in their awaken'd Ear."

*On VIRTUE can alone MY KINGDOM stand,*

*On PUBLICK VIRTUE, EVERY VIRTUE JOIN'D.*

For, lost this social Cement of Mankind, 95

The greatest Empires, by scarce-felt Degrees,

Will

Will moulder soft away ; 'till, tottering loose,  
They prone at last to total Ruin rush.

Unblest by VIRTUE, *Government a League*

Becomes, a *circling Junto of the Great,* 100

To rob by Law ; *Religion mild a Yoke*

To tame the stooping Soul, a *Trick of State*

To mask their Rapine, and to share the Prey.

What are without IT *Senates*, save a Face

Of Consultation deep and Reason free, 105

While the determin'd Voice and Heart are sold ?

What boasted *Freedom*, save a founding Name ?

And what *Election*, but a Market vile

Of Slaves self-barter'd ? VIRTUE ! without THEE,

There is no ruling Eye, no Nerve, in States ; 110

War has no Vigour, and no Safety Peace :

Even Justice warps to Party, Laws oppress,

Wide thro' the Land their weak Protection fails,

First broke the Ballance, and then scorn'd the Sword.

Thus Nations sink, Society dissolves ; 115

Rapine and Guile and Violence break loose,

Everting Life, and turning Love to Gall ;

Man hates the Face of Man, and *Indian Woods*

And

And *Lybia's* hissing Sands to him are tame.

By those THREE VIRTUES be the Frame sustain'd, 120  
Of BRITISH FREEDOM: INDEPENDENT LIFE;  
INTEGRITY IN OFFICE; and, o'er all  
Supreme, A PASSION FOR THE COMMON-WEAL.

Hail! INDEPENDANCE, hail! HEAVEN'S next best Gift,  
To that of Life and an immortal Soul! 125

The Life of Life! that to the Banquet high  
And sober Meal gives taste; to the bow'd Roof  
Fair-dream'd Repose, and to the Cottage Charms.

Of *publick Freedom*, hail, thou *secret Source*!  
Whose Streams, from every Quarter confluent, form 130  
My *better Nile*, that nurses human Life.

By Rills from Thee deduc'd, irriguous, fed,  
The *private Field* looks gay, with *Nature's* Wealth  
Abundant flows, and blooms with each Delight  
That *Nature* craves. It's happy Master there, 135

The ONLY FREE-MAN, walks his pleasing Round:  
Sweet-featur'd *Peace* attending; fearless *Truth*;  
Firm *Resolution*; *Goodness*, blessing all.

That can rejoice; *Contentment*, surest Friend;  
And, still fresh Stores from *Nature's* Book deriv'd, 140  
*Phi-*

*Philosophy*, Companion ever-new.

These cheer his rural, and sustain or fire,

When into Action call'd, his busy Hours.

Mean time *true-judging moderate Desires*,

*Oeconomy* and *Taste*, combin'd, direct

145

His clear Affairs, and from *debauching Fiends*

Secure his little Kingdom. Nor can Those

Whom *Fortune* heaps, without *these Virtues*, reach

That Truce with Pain, that animated Ease,

That Self-Enjoyment springing from within,

150

That INDEPENDANCE, active, or retir'd,

Which make the soundest Bliss of Man below :

But, lost beneath the Rubbish of their Means,

And drain'd by Wants to *Nature* all unknown,

A wandering, tasteless, gaily-wretched Train,

155

Tho' rich, are Beggars, and, tho' noble, Slaves.

Lo! damn'd to Wealth, at what a gross Expence,

They purchase Disappointment, Pain and Shame.

Instead of hearty hospitable Cheer,

See! how the Hall with brutal Riot flows ;

160

While in the foaming Flood, fermenting, steep'd,

The Country maddens into Party-Rage.

Mark !

Mark ! those disgraceful Piles of Wood and Stone ;  
 Those Parks and Gardens, where, his Haunts be-trimm'd,  
 And *Nature* by presumptuous *Art* oppress'd, 165  
 The *woodland Genius* mourns. See ! the full Board  
 That steams Disgust, and Bowls that give no Joy :  
 No *Truth* invited there, to feed the Mind ;  
 Nor *Wit*, the Wine rejoicing Reason quaffs.  
 Hark ! how the Dome with *Insolence* resounds, 170  
 With those retain'd by *Vanity* to scare  
 Repose and Friends. To tyrant *Fashion* mark !  
 The costly Worship paid, to the broad Gaze  
 Of Fools. From still delusive Day to Day,  
 Led an eternal Round of lying Hope, 175  
 See ! self-abandon'd, how they roam adrift,  
 Dash'd o'er the Town, a miserable Wreck !  
 Then to adore some warbling Eunuch turn'd,  
 With *Midas'* Ears they crowd ; or to the Buzz  
 Of Masquerade unblushing : or, to show 180  
 Their Scorn of *Nature*, at the Tragic Scene  
 They mirthful sit, or prove the Comic true.  
 But, chief, behold ! around the rattling Board,  
 The civil Robbers rang'd ; and even the Fair,

The tender Fair, each Sweetness laid aside, 185  
 As fierce for Plunder as all-licens'd Troops  
 At some sack'd City. Thus dissolv'd their Wealth,  
 Without one generous Luxury dissolv'd,  
 Or quarter'd on it many a needless Want,  
 At the throng'd Levee bends the venal Tribe : 190  
 With fair but faithless Smiles each varnish'd o'er,  
 Each smooth as Those that mutually deceive,  
 And for their Falshood each despising each ;  
 'Till shook their Patron by the wintry Winds,  
 Wide flies the wither'd Shower, and leaves him bare. 195  
 O far superior *Afric's* fable Sons,  
 By Merchant pilfer'd, to these *willing Slaves* !  
 And, rich, as un squeez'd Favourite, to them,  
 Is he who can his *Virtue* boast alone !

BRITONS ! be firm !—nor let *Corruption* fly 200  
 Twine round your Heart indissoluble Chains !  
 The Steel of BRUTUS burst the grosser Bonds  
 By *Cesar* cast o'er ROME ; but still remain'd  
 The soft enchanting Fetters of the Mind,  
 And *other Cesars* rose: *Determin'd*, hold 205  
 YOUR INDEPENDANCE ; for, *That* once destroy'd,  
 Un-

Unfounded, FREEDOM is a Morning Dream,  
That flits aerial from the spreading Eye.

Forbid it HEAVEN! that ever I need urge

INTEGRITY IN OFFICE ON MY Sons ;

210

Inculcate common Honour—not to rob.—

And whom?—the gracious the confiding Hand,

That lavishly rewards ; the toiling Poor,

Whose Cup with many a bitter Drop is mixt ;

The Guardian Publick ; every Face they see,

215

And every Friend ; nay, in Effect, themselves.

As, in familiar Life, the Villain's Fate

Admits no Cure ; so, when a desperate Age

At *This* arrives, I the devoted Race

Indignant spurn, and hopeless soar away.

220

But, ah too little known to modern Times !

Be not the noblest Passion past un Sung ;

That Ray peculiar, from UNBOUNDED LOVE

Effus'd, which kindles the heroic Soul ;

DEVOTION TO THE PUBLIC. Glorious Flame !

225

Celestial Ardor ! in what unknown Worlds,

Profusely scatter'd thro' the blue Immense,

Haft *Thou* been blessing Myriads, since in ROME,

C 2

Old

Old virtuous ROME, so many deathless Names  
 From *Thee* their Lustre drew? since, taught by *Thee*, 230  
 Their Poverty put Splendor to the Blush,  
 Pain grew luxurious, and even Death Delight?  
 O wilt *Thou* ne'er, in *thy* long Period, look,  
 With Blaze direct, on this MY *last Retreat*?

'Tis not enough, from *Self* right understood 235  
 Reflected, that *thy* Rays inflame the Heart:  
 Tho' VIRTUE not disdains Appeals to *Self*,  
 Dreads not the Trial; all her Joys are true,  
 Nor is there any real Joy save Her's.  
 Far less the tepid the declaiming Race, 240  
 Foes to *Corruption*, to it's Wages Friends,  
 Or those whom private Passions, for a while,  
 Beneath MY Standard list, can *they* suffice  
 To raise and fix the Glory of MY REIGN?

An active Flood of *universal Love* 245  
 Must swell the Breast. First, in Effusion wide,  
 The restless Spirit roves Creation round,  
 And seizes *every Being*: Stronger then  
 It tends to *Life*, whate'er the kindred Search  
 Of Bliss allies: then, more collected still, 250  
 It

It urges *Human-kind* : a Passion grown,  
 At last, the central *Parent-Public* calls  
 It's utmost Effort forth, awakes each Sense,  
 The Comely, Grand and Tender. Without This,  
 This awful Pant, shook from sublimer Powers 255  
 Than those of *Self*, this HEAVEN-infus'd Delight,  
 This *moral Gravitation*, rushing prone  
 To press the *public Good*, my System soon,  
 Traverse, to several *selfish* Centers drawn,  
 Will reel to Ruin : while for ever shut 260  
 Stand the bright Portals of desponding *Fame*.

From *sordid Self* shoot up no shining Deeds,  
 None of those ancient Lights, that gladden Earth,  
 Give Grace to Being, and arouse the Brave  
 To *just Ambition*, VIRTUE's quickening Fire! 265  
 Life tedious grows, an idly-bustling Round,  
 Fill'd up with Actions animal and mean,  
 A dull Gazette ! Th' impatient Reader scorns  
 The poor historic Page ; 'till kindly comes  
 Oblivion, and redeems a People's Shame. 270  
 Not so the Times when, Emulation-stung,  
 GREECE shone in *Genius*, *Science*, and in *Arts*,  
 And

And ROME in *Virtues* dreadful to be told !  
 To live was Glory *then* ! and charm'd Mankind,  
 Thro' the deep Periods of devolving Time, 275  
*Those*, raptur'd, copy ; *These*, astonish'd, read.

True, a *corrupted State*, with every Vice  
 And every Meanness foul, *this Passion* damps.  
 Who can, unshock'd, behold the cruel Eye ?  
 The pale inveigling Smile ? The ruffian Front ? 280  
 The Wretch abandon'd to relentless Self,  
 Equally vile if Miser or Profuse ?  
 Powers not of GOD, assiduous to *corrupt* ?  
 The fell deputed Tyrant, who devours  
 The Poor and Weak, \* at Distance from Redress ? 285  
 Delirious Faction bellowing loud my Name ?  
 The false fair-seeming Patriot's hollow Boast ?  
 A Race resolv'd on Bondage, fierce for Chains,  
 My sacred Rights a Merchandize alone  
 Esteeming, and to work their Feeder's Will 290  
 By Deeds, a Horror to Mankind, prepar'd,

As

\* LORD MOLESWORTH in his Account of *Denmark* says,—It is observed, that in limited Monarchies and Commonwealths, a Neighbourhood to the Seat of the Government is advantageous to the Subjects ; whilst the distant Provinces are less thriving, and more liable to Oppression.

As were the *Dregs of Romulus* of old ?

Who *These* indeed can undetesting see ?—

But who un pitying ? To the generous Eye

*Distress* is *Virtue* ; and, tho' Self-betray'd, 295

A People struggling with their Fate must rouse

The Hero's Throb. Nor can a Land, at once,

Be lost to *Virtue* quite. How glorious then !

Fit Luxury for Gods ! to save the Good,

Protect the Feeble, dash bold Vice aside, 300

Depress the Wicked, and restore the Frail.

Posterity, besides, the Young are pure,

And Sons may tinge their Father's Cheek with Shame.

Should then the Times arrive (which HEAVEN avert !)

That BRITONS bend unnerv'd, not by the Force 305

Of Arms, more generous, and more manly, quell'd,

But by *Corruption's* Soul-dejecting Arts,

Arts impudent ! and gross ! by *their own* Gold,

In Part bestow'd, to *bribe* them to give *All*.

With *Party* raging, or immers'd in *Sloth*, 310

Should they BRITANNIA's well-fought Laurels yield

To *slily-conquering Gaul* ; even from her Brow

Let *her own Naval Oak* be basely torn,

By

By such as tremble at the stiffening Gale,  
 And nerveless sink while others sing rejoic'd.  
 Or (darker Prospect! scarce one Gleam behind  
 Disclosing) should the broad *corruptive Plague*  
 Breathe from the City to the farthest Hut,  
 That sits serene within the Forest-Shade;  
 The fever'd People fire, inflame their Wants,  
 And their luxurious Thirst, so gathering Rage,  
 That, were a Buyer found, they stand prepar'd  
 To sell their Birthright for a cooling Draught.  
 Should *spameless Pens* for *plain Corruption* plead;  
 The hir'd Assassins of the Commonweal!  
 Deem'd the declaiming Rant of GREECE and ROME,  
 Should *Public Virtue* grow the *Public Scoff*,  
 'Till *Private*, failing, *staggers thro' the Land*:  
 'Till round the City loose *mechanic Want*,  
 Dire-prowling nightly, makes the chearful Haunts  
 Of Men more hideous than *Numidian Wilds*,  
 Nor from it's Fury sleeps the Vale in Peace;  
 And *Murders, Horrors, Perjuries* abound:  
 Nay, 'till to lowest Deeds the Highest stoop;  
 The Rich, like starving Wretches, thirst for Gold;  
 And

And those, on whom the vernal Showers of HEAVEN  
 All-bounteous fall, and that *prime Lot* bestow,  
 A Power to live to *Nature* and *Themselves*,  
 In sick Attendance wear their anxious Days,  
 With Fortune, joyless, and, with Honours, mean. 340  
 Meantime, perhaps, *Profusion* flows around,  
 The *Waste of War*, without the *Works of Peace*;  
 No Mark of Millions in the Gulph absorpt  
 Of *uncreating Vice*, none but the Rage  
 Of *rouz'd Corruption* still demanding more. 345  
 That very Portion, which (by faithful Skill  
 Employ'd) might make the smiling Public rear  
 Her ornamented Head, drill'd thro' the Hands  
 Of *mercenary Tools*, serves but to nurse  
 A Locust-Band within, and in the Bud 350  
 Leaves starv'd each Work of Dignity and Use.

I paint the worst. But should these Times arrive,  
 If any *nobler Passion* yet remain,  
 Let all MY *Sons* all *Parties* fling aside,  
 Despise their *Nonsense*, and together join; 355  
 Let *Worth* and *Virtue*, scorning low Despair,  
 Exerted full, from every Quarter shine,

Commix'd in heighten'd Blaze. Light flash'd to Light,  
Moral, or Intellectual, more intense

By giving glows. As on pure Winter's Eve, 360  
Gradual, the Stars effulge; fainter, at first,  
They, straggling, rise; but when the radiant Host,  
In thick Profusion pour'd, shine out immense,  
Each casting vivid Influence on each,  
From Pole to Pole a glittering Deluge plays, 365  
And Worlds above rejoice, and Men below.

But why to BRITONS this superfluous Strain?—  
Good-nature, honest Truth even somewhat blunt,  
Of crooked Baseness an indignant Scorn,  
A Zeal unyielding in their Country's Cause, 370  
And ready Bounty, wont to dwell with them.—  
Nor only wont—Wide o'er the Land diffus'd,  
In many a blest Retirement still they dwell.

To softer Prospect turn we now the View,  
To laurel'd SCIENCE, ARTS, and PUBLIC WORKS, 375  
That lend MY FINISH'D FABRIC comely Pride,  
Grandeur and Grace. Of fullen Genius he!  
Curs'd by the *Muses*! by the *Graces* loath'd!  
Who deems beneath the Public's high Regard

*These*

*These last enlivening Touches of MY Reign.*

380

However puff'd with Power, and gorg'd with Wealth,

A Nation be ; let Trade enormous rise,

Let *East* and *South* their mingled Treasure pour,

'Till, swell'd impetuous, the *corrupting Flood*

Burst o'er the City and devour the Land : 385

Yet *These* neglected, *These* recording Arts,

Wealth rots, a Nuisance ; and, oblivious, sunk,

*That Nation* must *another Carbage* lie.

If not by *Them*, on monumental Brass,

On sculptur'd Marble, or the deathless Page 390

Imprest, Renown had left no Trace behind :

In vain, to future Times, the Sage had thought,

The Legislator plann'd, the Hero found

A beauteous Death, the Patriot toil'd in vain.

Th' Awarders *They* of *Fame's* immortal Wreath, 395

*They* rouse Ambition, *they* the Mind exalt,

Give great Ideas, lovely Forms infuse,

Delight the general Eye, and, dress'd by *Them*,

The *moral Venus* glows with double Charms.

SCIENCE, MY close Associate, still attends 400

Where-e'er I go. Sometimes, in simple Guise,

D 2

*She*

*She* walks the Furrow with the *Consul-Swain*,  
 Whispering unletter'd Wisdom to the Heart,  
 Direct ; or, sometimes, in the pompous Robe  
 Of *Fancy* drest, *She* charms *Athenian Wits*, 405  
 And a whole sapient City round *Her* burns.

Then o'er *her* Brow MINERVA'S Terrors nod :  
 With XENOPHON, sometimes, in dire Extremes,  
*She* breathes deliberate Soul, and makes \* *Retreat*  
 Unequal'd Glory : with the *Theban* Sage, 410  
 EPAMINONDAS, *First* and *Best* of Men !

Sometimes *She* bids the deep-embattled Host,  
 Above the vulgar Reach, resistless form'd,  
 March to sure Conquest,—never gain'd before !†  
 Nor on the treacherous Seas of giddy State 415  
 Unskilful *She* : when the triumphant Tide

Of high-swoln *Empire* wears one boundless Smile,  
 And the Gale tempts to new Pursuits of Fame,  
 Sometimes, with SCIPIO, *She* collects her Sail,  
 And seeks the blissful Shore of rural Ease, 420

Where

\* The famous *Retreat of the Ten Thousand* was chiefly conducted by XENOPHON.

† *Epaminondus*, after having beat the *Lacedemonians* and their Allies, in the Battle of *Leuctra*, made an Incurſion at the head of a powerful Army, into *Laconia*. It was now ſix hundred Years ſince the *Dorians* had poſſeſſed this Country, and in all that time the Face of an Enemy had not been ſeen within their Territories. *Plutarch in Ageſilaus*.

Where, but th' *Aonian Maids*, no *Syrens* sing.  
 Or should the deep-brew'd Tempest muttering rise,  
 While Rocks and Shoals perfidious lurk around,  
 With TULLY *She* her wide-réiving Light  
 To *Senates* holds, a *Catiline* confounds, 425  
 And saves awhile from *Cesar* sinking ROME.  
 Such the kind POWER, whose piercing Eye dissolves  
 Each *mental Fetter*, and sets *Reason* free ;  
 For ME inspiring an *enlighten'd Zeal*,  
 The more tenacious as the more convinc'd 430  
 How happy *Freemen*, and how wretched *Slaves*.  
 To BRITONS not unknown, to BRITONS full  
 The GODDESS spreads her Stores, the secret Soul  
 That quickens Trade, the Breath unseen that wafts  
 To them the Treasures of a *ballanc'd World*. 435  
 But FINER ARTS (save what the MUSE has sung,  
 In daring Flight, above all modern Wing)  
 Neglected droop the Head ; and PUBLIC WORKS,  
 Broke by *Corruption* into *private Gain*,  
 Not ornament, disgrace, not serve, destroy. 440

Shall BRITONS, by their own JOINT WISDOM rul'd  
 Beneath one ROYAL HEAD, whose vital Power

Connects, enlivens and exerts the WHOLE ;

IN FINER ARTS, and PUBLIC WORKS, shall *They*

To *Gallia* yield?—yield to a Land that bends, 445

Deprest, and broke, beneath the Will of *One*?

Of *One*—who, should th' unkingly Thirst of Gold,

Or tyrant Passions, or Ambition, prompt,

Calls *Locust-Armies* o'er the blasted Land :

Drains from it's thirsty Bounds the Springs of Wealth, 450

His own insatiate Reservoir to fill :

To the lone Desert *Patriot-Merit* frowns,

Or into Dungeons *Arts*, when *They*, their Chains,

Indignant, bursting, for their *nobler Works*

All other *Licence* scorn but TRUTH'S and MINE. 455

Oh shame to think! shall BRITONS, in the Field

Unconquer'd still, the *better Laurel* lose?

Even in *that* \* *Monarch's* Reign, who vainly dreamt,

By giddy Power, betray'd, and flatter'd Pride,

To grasp *unbounded Sway*; while, swarming round, 460

His Armies dar'd all *Europe* to the Field ;

To hostile Hands while Treasure flow'd profuse,

And, that great Source of Treasure, Subjects' Blood,

Inhuman squander'd, sicken'd every Land ;

From

\* *Lewis* XIV.

From BRITAIN, chief, while MY *superior Sons*,

465

In Vengeance rushing, dash'd his idle Hopes,

And bad his agonizing Heart be low:

Even *then*, as in the golden Calm of Peace,

What PUBLIC WORKS, at home, what ARTS arose!

What various SCIENCE shone! what GENIUS glow'd! 470

'Tis not for ME to paint, diffusive shot

O'er fair Extents of Land, the shining Road;

The Flood-compelling Arch; the long † Canal,

Thro' Mountains piercing, and uniting Seas;

The ‖ Dome resounding sweet with Infant Joy, 475

From Famine sav'd, or cruel-handed Shame,

And ‡ *That* where *Valour* counts his noble Scars;

The Land where *social Pleasure* loves to dwell,

Of the fierce *Demon*, *Gothic Duel*, freed;

The Robber from his farthest Forest chas'd; 480

The turbid City clear'd, and, by Degrees,

Into sure Peace the best Police refin'd,

Magnificence, and Grace, and decent Joy.

Let *Gallic* Bards record, how honour'd ARTS,

And SCIENCE, by despotic Bounty blest'd, 485

At

† The Canal of *Languedoc*.

‖ ‡ The Hospitals for Foundlings and Invalids.

At Distance flourish'd from MY PARENT-EYE.

Restoring ancient Taste, how BOILEAU rose.

How the big ROMAN Soul shook, in CORNEILLE,

The trembling Stage. In elegant RACINE,

How the more powerful tho' more humble Voice 490

Of Nature-painting GREECE, resistless, breath'd

The whole awaken'd Heart. How MOLIERE'S Scene,

Chastis'd and regular, with well-judg'd Wit,

Not scatter'd wild, and native Humour, grac'd,

Was Life itself. To public Honours rais'd, 495

How Learning in warm \* Seminaries spread;

And, more for Glory than the small Reward,

How Emulation strove. How their pure Tongue

Almost obtain'd what was deny'd their Arms.

From Rome, awhile, how PAINTING, courted long, 500

With POUSSIN came; *Ancient Design*, that lifts

A fairer Front, and looks another Soul.

How the kind † *Art*, that, of unvalu'd Price,

The fam'd and *only* Picture, easy, gives,

Refin'd her Touch, and, thro' the shadow'd Piece, 505

All the live Spirit of the Painter pour'd.

Coyest

\* The Academies of Sciences, of the Belles Lettres and of Painting.

† Engraving.

Coyest of *Arts*, how *Sculpture* northward deign'd

A Look, and bad her GIRARDON arise.

How *lavish Grandeur* blaz'd; the barren Waste,

Astonish'd, saw the sudden Palace swell,

510

And Fountains spout amid it's arid Shades.

For Leagues, bright Vistas opening to the View,

How Forests in majestic Gardens smil'd.

How *menial Arts*, by their *gay Sisters* taught,

Wove the deep Flower, the blooming Foliage train'd

515

In joyous Figures o'er the silky Lawn,

The Palace chear'd, illum'd the Story'd Wall,

And with the Pencil vy'd the glowing Loom \*.

These Laurels, LOUIS, by the Droppings rais'd

Of thy Profusion, it's Dishonour shade,

520

And, green thro' future Times, shall bind thy Brow;

While the vain Honours of perfidious War

Wither abhorr'd, or in Oblivion lost.

With what prevailing Vigour had they shot,

And stole a deeper Root, by the full Tide

525

Of War-funk Millions fed? Superior still,

How had they branch'd luxuriant to the Skies,

In BRITAIN planted, by the potent Juice

E

Of

\* The Tapestry of the *Gobelins*.

Of *Freedom* swell'd? Forc'd is the Bloom of ARTS,  
 A false uncertain Spring, when *Bounty* gives, 530  
 Weak without ME, a transitory Gleam.  
 Fair shine the slippery Days, enticing Skies  
 Of Favour smile, and courtly Breezes blow;  
 'Till ARTS, betray'd, trust to the flattering Air  
 Their tender Blossom:—then malignant rise 535  
 The Blights of *Envy*, of those Insect-Clouds,  
 That, blasting *Merit*, often cover *Courts*:  
 Nay, should, perchance, some kind MOECENAS aid  
 The doubtful Beamings of his PRINCE'S Soul,  
 His wavering Ardor fix, and unconfin'd 540  
 Diffuse his warm Beneficence around;  
 Yet Death, at last, and wintry Tyrants come,  
 Each Sprig of *Genius* killing at the Root.  
 But when with ME IMPERIAL BOUNTY joins,  
 Wide o'er the Public blows eternal Spring; 545  
 While mingled Autumn every Harvest pours  
 Of every Land; whate'er *Invention*, *Art*,  
*Creating Toil* and *Nature* can produce.

Here ceas'd the GODDESS; and HER ardent Wings,  
 Dipt in the Colours of the heavenly Bow, 550  
 Stood

Stood waving Radiance round, for sudden Flight  
 Prepar'd, when thus, impatient, burst my Prayer.

" Oh forming Light of Life ! Oh better Sun !

" Sun of Mankind ! by whom the cloudy *North*,

" Sublim'd, not envies *Languedocian* Skies, 555

" That, unstain'd Ether all, diffusive smile :

" *When shall we call these ancient Laurels Ours ?*

" *And when* THY WORK *complete ?*" Strait with HER Hand,  
 Celestial red, SHE touch'd my darken'd Eyes.

As at the Touch of Day the Shades dissolve, 560

So quick, methought, the misty Circle clear'd,

That dims the Dawn of Being here below :

The Future shone disclos'd, and, in long View,

Bright rising Æras instant rush'd to Light.

" THEY come ! GREAT GODDESS ! I the TIMES behold ! 565

" The TIMES our Fathers, in the bloody Field,

" Have earn'd so dear, and, not with less Renown,

" In the warm Struggles of the Senate-Fight.

" The TIMES I see ! whose Glory to supply,

" For toiling Ages, *Commerce* round the World 570

" Has wing'd unnumber'd Sails, and from each Land

" Materials heap'd, that, well-employ'd, with ROME

" Might vie our *Grandeur*, and with GREECE our *Art*.

" LO! PRINCES I behold! contriving still,

" And still conducting firm some brave Design; 575

" KINGS! that the narrow joyless Circle scorn,

" Burst the Blockade of false designing Men,

" Of treacherous Smiles, of Adulation fell,

" And of the blinding Clouds around them thrown:

" Their Court rejoicing Millions; *Worth*, alone, 580

" And *Virtue* dear to them; their best Delight,

" In just Proportion, to give general Joy;

" Their jealous Care THY KINGDOM to maintain;

" The public Glory Theirs; unsparing Love

" Their endless Treasure; and their Deeds their Praise. 585

" With THEE They work. Nought can resist YOUR Force:

" *Life* feels it quickening in her dark Retreats:

" Strong spread the Blooms of *Genius*, *Science*, *Art*;

" His bashful Bounds disclosing *Merit* breaks;

" And, big with Fruits of *Glory*, *Virtue* blows 590

" Expansive o'er the Land. Another Race

" Of GENEROUS YOUTH, of PATRIOT-SIRES, I see!

" Not those vain Insects fluttering in the Blaze

" Of Court and Ball and Play; those venal Souls,

" Cor-

“ *Corruption’s* veteran unrelenting Bands,

595

“ That, to their Vices Slaves, can ne’er be free.

“ I see the FOUNTAIN’S purg’d! whence Life derives

“ A clear or turbid Flow; see the young Mind

“ Not fed impure by Chance, by Flattery fool’d,

“ Or by scholastic Jargon bloated proud,

600

“ But fill’d and nourish’d by the Light of Truth.

“ Then beam’d thro’ Fancy the refining Ray,

“ And pouring on the Heart, the Passions feel

“ At once informing Light and moving Flame;

“ ’Till moral, public, graceful Action crowns

605

“ The Whole. Behold! the fair Contention glows,

“ In all that Mind or Body can adorn,

“ And form to Life. Instead of barren Heads,

“ Barbarian Pedants, wrangling Sons of Pride,

“ And Truth-perplexing metaphysic Wits,

610

“ Men, Patriots, Chiefs and Citizens are form’d.

“ Lo! JUSTICE, like the liberal Light of Heaven,

“ *Unpurchas’d* shines on All, and from her Beam,

“ Appalling Guilt, retire the savage Crew,

“ That prowl amid the Darkness they themselves

615

“ Have thrown around the Laws. *Oppression* grieves,

“ See!

- “ See! how her *Legal Furies* bite the Lip,  
 “ While YORKS and TALBOTS their deep Snares detect,  
 “ And seize swift Justice thro’ the Clouds they raise.  
     “ See! social LABOUR lifts his *guarded* Head,      620  
 “ And Men not yield to Government in vain.  
 “ From the *sure* Land is rooted ruffian Force,  
 “ And, the lewd Nurse of Villains, idle Waste;  
 “ Lo! raz’d their Haunts, down dash’d their maddening Bowl,  
 “ A Nation’s Poison! Beauteous Order reigns!      625  
 “ Manly Submission, unimposing Toil,  
 “ Trade without Guile, Civility that marks  
 “ From the foul Herd of brutal Slaves THY Sons,  
 “ And fearless Peace. Or should affronting War  
 “ To flow but dreadful Vengeance rouse the Just,      630  
 “ Unfailing *Fields of Freemen* I behold!  
 “ That know, with their own proper Arm, to guard  
 “ Their own blest Isle against a leaguering World.  
 “ Despairing *Gaul* her boiling Youth restrains,  
 “ Dissolv’d her Dream of *Universal Sway*:      635  
 “ The Winds and Seas are BRITAIN’S wide Domain;  
 “ And not a Sail, but by Permission, spreads.  
 “ Lo! swarming southward on rejoicing Suns,

“ Gay

- " Gay COLONIES extend ; the calm Retreat  
 " Of undeserv'd Distress, the better Home 640  
 " Of Those whom *Bigots* chafe from foreign Lands.  
 " Not built on *Rapine*, *Servitude* and *Woe*,  
 " And, in their turn, some petty Tyrant's Prey ;  
 " But, bound by *social Freedom*, firm they rise ;  
 " Such as, of late, an OGLETHORPE has form'd, 645  
 " And, crowding round, the charm'd *Savannah* fees.  
 " Horrid with Want and Misery, no more  
 " Our Streets the tender Passenger afflict.  
 " Nor shivering Age, nor Sickness without Friend,  
 " Or Home, or Bed to bear his burning Load, 650  
 " Nor agonizing Infant, that ne'er earn'd  
 " It's guiltless Pangs, I see ! The Stores, profuse,  
 " Which *British Bounty* has to These assign'd,  
 " No more the sacrilegious Riot swell  
 " Of Cannibal Devourers ! Right apply'd, 655  
 " No starving Wretch the Land of *Freedom* stains :  
 " If poor, Employment finds ; if old demands,  
 " If sick, if maim'd, his miserable Due ;  
 " And will, if young, repay the fondest Care.  
 " Sweet sets the Sun of stormy Life, and sweet 660  
 " The

" The Morning shines, in *Mercy's* Dews array'd.

" Lo! how they rise! THESE FAMILIES OF HEAVEN!

" \* *That!* chief, (but why—ye *Bigots!*—why so late?)

" Where blooms and warbles glad a rising Age:

" What Smiles of Praise! And, while their Song ascends, 665

" The listening Seraph lays his Lute aside.

" Hark! the gay MUSES raise a nobler Strain,

" With active Nature, warm impassion'd Truth,

" Engaging Fable, lucid Order, Notes

" Of various String, and heart-felt Image fill'd. 670

" Behold! I see the dread delightful *School*

" Of *temper'd Passions*, and of *polish'd Life*,

" Restor'd: behold! the well-dissembled Scene

" Calls from embellish'd Eyes the lovely Tear,

" Or lights up Mirth in modest Cheeks again. 675

" Lo! vanish'd *Monster-land*. Lo! driven away

" Those that *Apollo's* sacred Walks profane:

" Their wild Creation scatter'd, where a World

" Unknown to *Nature*, Chaos more confus'd,

" O'er the brute Scene it's † *Ouran-Outangs* pours; 680

" Detested

\* An Hospital for Foundlings.

† A Creature which, of all Brutes, most resembles Man. — See Dr. *Tyson's* Treatise on this Animal.

" Detested Forms! that, on the Mind impress,

" Corrupt, confound and barbarize an Age.

" Behold! all *thine again* the SISTER-ARTS,

" Thy *Graces* They, knit in harmonious Dance,

" Nurs'd by the Treasure, from a Nation drain'd 685

" Their Works to purchase, They to Nobler rouse

" Their untam'd Genius, their unfetter'd Thought;

" Of pompous Tyrants, and of dreaming Monks,

" The gaudy Tools, and Prisoners, no more.

" Lo! Numerous DOMES a BURLINGTON confess: 699

" For *Kings* and *Senates fit*, the *Palace* see!

" The *Temple* breathing a religious Awe;

" Even fram'd with Elegance the *plain Retreat*,

" The private Dwelling. Certain in his Aim,

" *Taste*, never idly working, saves Expence. 695

" See! SYLVAN SCENES, where *Art*, alone, pretends

" To dress her *Mistress*, and disclose her Charms;

" Such as a POPE in Miniature has shown;

" A BATHURST o'er the widening \* Forest spreads;

" And such as form a RICHMOND, CHISWICK, STOWE.

" August, around, what PUBLIC WORKS I see! 701

" Lo! stately *Streets*, lo! *Squares* that court the Breeze.

F

" In

\* Okely-Woods, near Cirencester.

“ In spite of Those to whom pertains the Care,  
 “ Ingulphing more than founded *Roman Ways*,  
 “ Lo! ray’d from Cities o’er the brighten’d Land, 705  
 “ Connecting Sea to Sea, the Solid *Road*.  
 “ Lo! the Proud *Arch* (no vile Exactor’s Stand)  
 “ With easy Sweep bestrides the chafing Flood.  
 “ See! long *Canals*, and *deepen’d Rivers* join  
 “ Each Part with each, and with the circling Main 710  
 “ The whole enliven’d Isle. Lo! *Ports* expand,  
 “ Free as the Winds and Waves, their sheltering Arms.  
 “ Lo! streaming Comfort o’er the troubled Deep,  
 “ On every pointed Coast the *Light-house* tow’rs;  
 “ And, by the broad imperious *Mole* repell’d, 715  
 “ Hark! how the baffled Storm indignant roars.”

As thick to View THESE VARIED WONDERS rose,  
 Shook all my Soul with Transport, unassur’d,  
 The VISION broke; And, on my waking Eye,  
 Rush’d the still RUINS of dejected ROME. 720

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